Isabelle Cullen

Jami Wray

Sophomore Honors English

30 March 2015

Crimson is the Color I Bleed

**January 13th, 2007, 7:06 AM**

My backpack bounces against my body as I dart out of West Ambler Hall to Henderson. People pass by in blurs of polychromatic colors as I dart past them. Stacey! She may be my best friend, but she is a pain sometimes. Our hearts beat to the same 4/4 tempo of classical music, except for right now. I can hear my heart pound in 1/16th notes as cold Virginia air blows against my cheeks. Henderson stands behind the Student Center, almost half a mile away from my dormitory.

I push against the wooden door into the classroom and twelve sets of eyes watch me in confusion as I struggle to catch my breath. I look at the clock, 7:13. Damn. First day back from Winter Break and I’m late. Professor Mishkia raises a fuzzy eyebrow to my clumsy entrance.

“Excited to be back now are we? You’re late,” he says with a thick Russian accent.

“My- my apologies, Professor. I woke up l-late,” I stutter. Thump-Thump. Thump-Thump. I can feel my heart flutter out of my chest, rushing anxiety to my head. Deep breath, Lucy. Deep breath. My fingers fumble with the silver clasp on my violin case.

“As I was saying before, the art of string instruments is difficult to master. You all know this already. If you thought Junior Performance would be an easy A, you thought incorrectly. You must push yourself until your fingers become crimson like the feathers of the Hokie. Now, I expect you all to have five pieces selected by next class to review with me. Welcome back to the Violin Performance Major. Let’s warm-up,” he raises his hands but my violin is already up.

**January 13th, 2007, 8:23 AM**

It was certainly a horrible idea not to practice over winter break as much as I could have. I can feel the single strands of my muscles ache from holding up my violin, blisters burn on the tips of my fingers and a cramp slowly creeping through the marrow in my bones. My beautiful dark violin settles back into the bed of blue velvet. I rub the beige hairs on my bow with rosin and snap it shut. As I reach the door, a small gruff grunt comes from behind me. I turn to my petite professor with dread rising in my stomach.

His charcoal hair waves gently in the air as the cold blue eyes meet mine with a look of disappointment, “ Lucy, please do not show up to class tardy again. It is not fair to you or your peers to disrupt their learning. You’re very talented. Strive for better than what I saw today,” Professor Mishkia says, with arms crossed.

He turns swiftly on his tiny leather heel and waves me away, “That is all. Have your pieces ready for next class.”

“Yes, sir.”

“That is all,” I mock his annoying voice as I exit Henderson. People have told me he’s a onerous teacher, but I always try to see the best in my professors, no matter how difficult they may be. My optimism has just failed me. An arm suddenly loops into mine as I exit Henderson.

“How was class?” Stacey questions with her blonde hair dancing across her freckled face.

“Thanks to you, Mishkia gave me a little taste of hell,” I scoff.

“Always a pleasure, my dear. Anyway, let’s go get some food.”

I groan and roll my head counterclockwise to relieve the stiffness in my neck, “Fine.”

We keep walking to the University Bookstore and pass through the glass doors into the large atrium and take a seat near the open windows looking out upon the vast Drillfield.

I sink into the chair and lower my bookbag on to the green carpet. My mouth chomps happily on a blueberry muffin as we talk. We discuss our quartet’s pieces, classes, how tired we are and how absurd our professors can be, only to mock their rigid spines and harsh tones. I throw my head back laughing at Stacey’s “classy” humor only to notice a creepy figure watching us from behind a bookcase. He wears a blue hoodie pulled over his face, khaki pants, a crimson Hokie sweatshirt, sneakers and sunglasses. The light fails to penetrate his black sunglass lenses like God’s love towards Lucifer. His appearance sends shudders down my spine. My teeth sink into the blueberry muffin in hopes it extinguishes the cold feeling in my stomach.

After a day full of classes, we return to our dorm room exhausted.The air rushes around my body as I fall into the gentle embrace of my sheets. My happiness is short lived once I remember I’m back at college and there is homework to be done. Stacey sits at her desk with earbuds in listening to ["Welcome to the Black Parade"](http://content.time.com/time/specials/packages/article/0,28804,2011254_2015723_2015718,00.html) as she does Calculus III equations with ease.

I walk across our twelve by twelve dorm room to grab my violin. The glow from our decorative christmas lights reflect off the impenetrable black surface of my case. Click. Click. I lift the veil of black to reveal my beautiful dark mahogany violin. The intricate swirls and twists of deep brown never fail to take my breath away. I wrap my fingers around the neck and lift my violin up under my chin. My cheek cradles the violin into my shoulder as I reach for the bow. I tighten the horse hairs and glide my rosin against the strands. Shoulders back, head up, neck relaxed and fingers bent. I am forced to warm-up without my bow because of “noise” complaints we’ve received. My fingers move nimbly up and down major, minor, and octave scales of every key. After thirty-five minutes of warming up, I can start my homework. I run through my pieces for Mishkia sight reading them with ease, continue with advanced ear training practice with a tuning fork, and read through the assigned chapters for Early Music Literature. The life of a music major is fantastic. Not.

Around 9:30 is when I finally take a break. I roll over onto my back and look at Stacey upside down.

“MEH! Why do I need to know about the different types of Romantic music for a violin performance major? I mean its bad enough we have group orchestra three times a week. UGH!” I exclaim as I change into my crimson sweatpants and corall my hair into a bun.

Stacey doesn’t turn around, “See, this is why I'm a Mathematics Minor. I can do practical things, not just study music all the time.”

Too annoyed to continue arguing, I walk over to our sink to wash my face. As I remove all the dirt and makeup off my skin, Stacey calls out to me,

“Lu, come here.”

“I’m kind of busy, Stacey.”

“But I need your assistance.”

“Is it dire?”

“Just come over here.”

I turn around to see Stacey on my laptop. She knows how particular I am about people using my things.

“Stacey! What the-” I say with green facial scrub dripping off my irritated skin.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. I’m wrong. Just help me out. Some guy messaged me on Facebook. He seems okay. Eh or Nah?” She gives me a thumbs up or down. I plop down next to her on my bunk to view the conversation.

**ChoCho03**: Hey

**StaceMay**: um hi, Cho.

**ChoCho03:**  How are you?

**StaceMay:** I’m good.

**ChoCho03:** That’s good. Seen you in class. You’re cute**.**

**StaceMay:** Thanks. You’re not too bad yourself.

The little blip noise for the message to send is mixed with the thump of my hand against Stacey’s arm.

“What are you doing?!” I question with concern.

"Relax! Can’t I have fun? This kid is in my math class. He wears sunglasses and a hat in class and never speaks in class. It’s amazing he’s even talking,” she says as she leans against the beige wall of our dorm.

“ Fine. I still think this is a bad idea. Give me back me back my laptop in five minutes.”

“Yeah, okay.”

**February 6th, 2007, 9:34 PM**

It’s been two week since the first messages from Cho. Stacey shows them to me each time and it scares me. First it was kind of casual, then the conversations became odd and inconsistent..

**ChoCho03:** I’m the coolest person on campus. You’re lucky to know me.

He started to photograph her in classes from under her desk. I think he may of come to our door once or twice. Stacey told me he refers to himself as “Question Mark” in class. We found question marks scribbled all over our white board. Another conversation went along very different lines. They said they were talking about relationships and then it took a dangerous turn.

**ChoCho03:** This one girl, she hurt me really badly. I just want to beat her to make her pay for what she did.

**StaceMay:** Cho stop**.**

**ChoCho03:**No, I’m question mark.

**StaceMay**: No it isn’t….

**StaceMay**: Umm… Okay. I have some homework I need to get to. I’ll see you in class.

I really started to become concerned for her safety. She told me one day that he showed up at some of her classes one day. Cho also started to appear around Henderson when Stacey and I would have quartet practice. He calls Stacey occasionally and it sounds like a conversation out of a horror movie.

Ring! Ring!

Stacey turns to me as she looks precariously at the blocked phone number.

“Hello?” Stacey questions.

“Hey, it’s question mark.”

“Stop this. I’ve asked you nicely to stop communicating with me”

“Let me come over.”

“Leave me alone or I will call the police, you creep.”

At that point, I snatched the phone away and hit end.

A couple days later, he showed up at our room and that’s when we decided that this was out of hand. Stacey and I had just come home from back from dinner on a Thursday. We were discussing something and we heard a knock at the door. Stacey hopped up and went to see who it was. She’s was laughing about the jokes we were making and her face fell froze as she answered. Cho stood with his hands in his pocket, had a crew cut, and he was standing uncomfortably close to Stacey.

“Hey.”

“Hi.” I can see Stacey nervously pull her shorts to a more appropriate level.

There’s a pause as Stacey waited for him to say something. She is averted her eyes as he stared uncomfortably.

“So why are you here? I told you to leave me alone.”

“I came here to tell you that I see something in your eyes when I look at you.” He took a step closer to her, inches from her face. At that point, I was on my feet, ready to intervene.

“What would that be?”

He moved a step closer to Stacey as his eyes scanned her body like an X-ray machine, “Promiscuity.”

I told him to leave. We closed our door and I walked her over to our bunk bed. She was green and slightly off balance.

“Stacey are you okay? This has gone too far.”

Her breathing was a little bit uneven and raspy. “No. Call the police. This is just weird.”

**February 6th, 2007, 9:56 PM**

A deep breath races into my lungs as I sink into my chair. “So that’s why we decided to report this. Please just keep this guy away from us.”

The tall, gruff officer smiles, “Of course. What was his surname again?”

I look at the officer with relief, “He goes by ChoCho03. I think his real name is Sueng Cho. You may want to ask Mrs. Giovanni, Stacey's math professor. Thank you officer. I think we can both sleep well tonight.”

“No problem. Glad we could help.”

Relief smothered our minds from the burning anxiety. Smiles grew upon our rosy cheeks as we awoke from our lucid nightmare.

**February 9th, 2007, 4:12 PM**

The bell rings the same high pitched tone as a young man walks into Roanoke Firearms. He has short, crew cut hair, acne, average figure, and small brown eyes that appear empty. The man wears a hoodie and khakis like another other student at Virginia Tech. His eyes dart around at all the guns; self defense, assault, hunting, and many others.

He walks up to the glass countertop and calls out, “Hello?”

A small pudgy man with a black hat waddles out from the back room. He cleans a gun as he speaks, “Hello, what can I do for ya’?”

The man pushes the little door open and guides the young adult to the selection, “Is there anything in particular you were looking for?”

His deep voice rattles, “A personal defense Glock.”

He sets the gun down on the glass countertop, and produces a key from his pocket.

“Well, I would recommend a Glock 19. Good aim, lots of firepower for up close range, it’s the best,” as he hands him the gun.

His empty eyes examine the sleek black body and feel the rubber grip against his palm. He raises it into position and tests the weight at different angles.

“I’ll take it.”

“Great! I’ll just need you to fill out the paperwork up front.”

The men continue back to the front of the store and within minutes, the young man walks out of Roanoke with a Glock 19 and two hundred rounds of ammunition.

**April 16th, 2007, 7:15 AM**

Rays of light bounce off the shiny surface of laminated photos and a wooden dorm entryway. Behind the door, the gentle crackling sound of sheets echo as a girl sleeps. He grabs hold of the copper door knob and twists it with force. The door hits the cheap cabinet with a thud. The girl is awaken by the loud noise and the foreign man in her room.

“What the hell?” she questions half asleep.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

She falls back into a permanent sleep and is draped in a flowing blanket of red. He lowers his gun and looks at his first victim. Wrong girl. A head of messy brown curls quickly appears in the door frame with a look of shock and disbelief. The gunman stands draped in ammunition.

“What the? What did you do to Lily you, bastard?!” the dorm advisor screams.

BANG!

**April 16th, 2007, 7:30 AM**

BANG!

“Jesus Christ! Damn ceiling!” screams Stacey. Her pillow makes a thwap noise as she falls back into it, holding her head. I try to escape into my pillow in hopes that it will put me back to sleep.

Stacy sighs angrily, “Why do these ceilings have to be so low? Seriously? Can I wake up just for one morning and not give myself a concussion?!”

“You wouldn’t give yourself one if you just woke up slowly instead of sitting up like you’ve been shot,” I say into my pillow.

Stacy rubs her head and swings her bare legs over the bunk. She stretches her lean muscles and lets out a little squeak.

She turns to me and pulls my sheets off, revealing me to the musty air.

“Get up, Lu. I want coffee.”

I groan in disgust, “Coffee is gonna kill you, Stace. ”

“Yes, but I want to have it with my best friend. Pretty please get up.”

I give her a blank stare and pull the covers off as goosebumps entrance my skin, “Five more minutes, mom.”

Sticky footsteps go across the room, and the clicking sound of my violin case rings in the air.

“Stacy, put it down,” I call out from my sheets.

“You asked for it,” she starts playing a chromatic, squeaky scale very loudly. I muster all my groggy energy and pull myself out of the embrace of my lovely sheets.

“Fine. I’m up but you owe me a double shot of espresso.”

“Deal,” she smiles.

I slip into my favorite pair of comfy skinny jeans, the usual undergarments, a grey and crimson VT sweatshirt and walk across to Cochrane for coffee and the usual bland breakfast. I scoop watery eggs, bacon and oatmeal onto my shiny crimson Hokies plate. I search around the concave shaped room for an available place. I find a spot secluded by the wall and large open windows. You can just see the sun is rising over the Blue Ridge mountains, shining rays of orange on the charcoal walls of Norris Hall across the drillfield. We both eat our food quickly like wild animals without the messiness and depart for our classes.

I walk through the barren white cinder block hallways down to my room, Norris 211, and open the cherry oak door. Madame Couture sits recumbent in her ancient leather chair. The French class of Norris 211, most of us have studied together for years. Sixty percent of students in here are music majors like me. John Ambrosa is a beautiful pianist and he has accompanied a few of my quartet’s performances. Amelia Ressu is a bassoonist major along with a double major in Russian, and Celeste Davison is also a violinist in my program. I took my seat in the back corner of the room near the window, next to my partenaire, Frederick or “Guillaume” as he is called in class.

“Bonjour, ma petite chou,” a voice gleefully flutters behind my ear.

I turn around to my favorite flute player and give her a warm smile,“ Bonjour Reema, ça va?”

“Okay, I’m too tired to put in the effort to speak French. I had an all night study session for my inorganic chemistry test,” Reema slurs out as her tan face falls into the crook of her arm.

“This is why I’m not a molecular biology major,” I scoff lightly.

“Hey-,” but she was cut off as Madame stood in front of the class.

“Bonjour, mes étudiants! Commençons par une écriture rapide . Écrivez au sujet de la mémoire de votre famille préférée . Vous avez six minutes, partez!” Madame says to our half asleep class.

“ Mon meilleur souvenir avec ma famille était …” I mutter and sort through ideas in my head. The time I exploded fireflies with my older brother, Jackson? No. What about the time I went to Hilton Head for a week? Hmmm… Maybe. Oh! Oh! That one night when we roasted marshmallows under the meteor shower in Utah.

I start to mutter again as I write, “Mon meilleur … avec ma famille était ...ma famille est allée à l'Utah et….. grillées sous une pluie de météorites en …”. I look over at Frederick expecting him to tell me to stop like usual, but his paper is blank and he is holding a gaze with the door as if he’s waiting for it to blink. I shrug it off as Frederick can be odd at times.

Madame calls time and asks us to pass our papers to the end of the row. I pull out my pink laptop for today’s lesson, la conjugaison des verbes au passé, past tense verb conjugation. Oui!

We run through the subjects: Je, Tu, Il, Elle, Nous, Vous, and Ils.

Then we draw out our verb conjugation chart for the verb, aller in l’imparfait.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| allais | allions |
| allais | alliez |
| allait | allaient |

Madame continues through the repetition of conjugation and asking us to practicing conversations with our new found verb tense. I turn to my partenaire, ready to master the skill. Frederick still sits in the deadly staring contest. I give him a little nudge, “ What’s wrong? This isn’t like you.”

He is slightly caught off guard when I nudge him, “ Hmm? Nothing, it’s just Natalie isn’t here yet and that’s really unusual for her to be 20 minutes late to class.”

My head scours for the head of vibrant red curls in the front of the room. Wow. She really isn’t here. Natalie is the most fluent speaker in the entire class and is exceptionally gifted. It is peculiar that she isn’t here.

As soon as the thought escapes our mouths, a red blur appears before the small window on the door. Madame peels her eyes from the class to the figure outside. The petite figure waves through the window pane and points down to the handle. Madame shuffles over to the door and opens it for Natalie. Looking quite flustered, she gives Madame a rushed condolence about her tardiness. Her vibrant red curls cloak her pale, freckled skin. I watch her petite body shift her weight back and forth as she tries to calm herself.

“Madame, I’m so sorry I’m late. There was a shooting in my dormitory this morning, and they wouldn’t let anybody leave. They had the whole place on lockdown. I kept telling them I had class to get to, but they wouldn’t let me go, until finally they said, ’You’re free to go,’ and so I came right here.”

The statement created a whirlwind of questions.

“What?”

“How many people were shot?”

“Why weren’t we alerted sooner?”

The storm gains momentum from the distress and terror in the room. It is weird to think such a thing happens on your campus, where you live, breathe, eat and sleep for nine months of the year.

Madame consoles Natalie, “When did this happen?”

Natalie takes a breath and says, “I’m not exactly sure but from what I’ve heard it happened around 7:15 this morning.”

The class erupts in a synchronized dismay and outrage.

“Two hours?”

“Who’s running this?”

“Is he still loose on campus?”

Madame raises her hand in efforts to control the spinning heads of students.

“Enough! I will check my email and see what has happened. Everyone stay calm.”

**April 16th, 2007, 9:37 AM**

The sound of chains ring through the barren entry way of Norris hall. They clash and clatter like the whips of Satan himself against his flaming chariot of death. The chains ring as the constrict the silver handles. Cho gets on one knee and pulls out his weapon, a Glock 9mm handgun, and loads his vest with rounds of ammunition. Each bullet is ready to place itself in the body of its host, consuming the exuberant taste of life like a parasite.

“Videos are sent. No more pain for me. They will pay for my crucifixion. They will pay,” he mutters as he slips a four inch knife in his belt loop.

His rounds of ammunition jingle in his pockets and bag as he trots down the hall to the stairwell, up to classrooms full of his prosecutors and victims.

**April 16th, 2007, 9:37 AM**

Madame walks over to her computer screen and her fingers dance across the keyboard. We hear the agonizing scrolling noise as her eyes dart through her inbox. Her collected deportment falters as she comes to a single email.

“Mrs. Couture, is there any word on the shooting?” John questions.

Madame takes a short breath and started to read, “‘A shooting incident occurred at West Ambler Johnston earlier this morning. Police are on the scene and are investigating.The university community is urged to be cautious and are asked to contact Virginia Tech Police if you observe anything suspicious or with information on the case. Contact Virginia Tech Police. Stay attuned to the www.vt.edu. We will post as soon as we have more information.’”

You could hear the sharp inhale of fear throughout the classroom, the grinding gears in my classmates’ heads in their best efforts to comprehend the words, and the beating of seventeen hearts into the sound of a thousand timpani drums. Madame Couture straightens her blouse and clears her throat.

“Well, the police are on the scene and we still have French to learn. So we will continue with class. Everyone, please take out your textbook and open to page 356.”

I sit, but my thoughts are shifting back and forth. My eyes squeeze together in hopes they will crunch the thought away long enough for me to focus on French. Frederick is now working silently on my right, the scratching noise of our pencils work in unison for Activity Six. Our thoughts flow into the white waves with graphite crest, fluently, and quietly.

POP! POP! POP! POP!

Seventeen heads spring up in alert.

“What was that?” Frederick and other students question. It sounded like the swinging of a hammer against the cinder block walls. I brush it off because of the usual construction outside. Then it comes again, much louder.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Was that a gun? I think to myself and go through all the possibilities, but my thoughts are confirmed when Madame’s face dropped in to a look of concern. Madame runs to the door and pulls the silver handle down. She sticks her head out like the groundhog on Groundhog Day but quickly slams the door. Her voice quavers as she speaks, “Everybody get under your desk now. So-someone call 911. Tell them the shooter is in Norris.”

Somewhere in the class, I can hear the operator asking what our emergency is. I barely have time to process everything before our door burst open. It hits the green wall with a crash but it overcome by the blasting noise of bullets. I catch a glimpse of our grim reaper. The gunman stands tall with a black shirt, khaki pants and two guns. Madame screams as the bullets enter her wrinkled face. She falls to the floor with eyes open but not witnessing a single moment. I crash to the ground and try to flip over my desk. My hands fly to my head and my knees contract against my chest. Shots fly all around me like the stampede of horses.

BANG BANG BANG!

I lift up my eyes for a split second to locate the shooter and I cannot unsee the images. His face is collected and as solid as concrete. The arm holding the gun is rigid as the gun recoils in his hand, sending another shower of bullets into rows of innocent students. He walks across each aisle and fires at least five shots into people at point blank range. I see his boots from a space inbetween my desk. Bullets rip through the air above me, the sound of dead bodies falling to the ground echo in my mind, and stratinal explodes from the impact of missed shots. I silently mutter,

“God please protect me. Protect me, God. Please protect me.”

His footsteps grow closer as he fires bullets into my row, I turn and see Marie scurry against the back of our small row. She looks like an animal pinned into a corner, helpless. Her eyes are as big as the moon. The gunman fires three shots in her head. I try to muffle my scream as I watch her gaze become glassy and pupils release all tension. I hold my body rigidly to keep myself from shaking too much.

A pair of cold, dead eyes meet mine as he raises his gun. Where have I seen... Oh my-

Everything moves in slow motion, his finger bending to pull the trigger, the recoil of the gun and the flash as a parasite is launched at my body. I blink and three bullets enter my body. The first enters above my collar bone, the others in my right lung. Pain explodes everywhere. I struggle to comprehend what has happened. I feel like I’ve been struck with lightning and hit with a baseball bat at a million miles per hour. Pain, white hot furious pain explodes in my ribs as all the wind is knocked out of me. I can fear the scorching pain every time my lungs expand and collapse. I can’t move. I have bullets in my rib cage and collar bone. Oh my god. The pain intensifies to being stabbed by thrity knives fresh out of the hearth. I try to crane my neck to look at the dislodged bullet but scream in muffled agony instead. This is surreal. Salty tears run down my face and I’m overcome by a warm feeling. No I’m only twenty. It is warm like a summer night. No. I will not. It is also sticky and wet. I glance down at my rib and watch as I bleed crimson, the color of the Hokie. The gunman looks at me with his poised countenance. Not a single shred of guilt lies in those hollow eyes that stare me like an animal. His boots turn swiftly and escape into the red hallway, firing more rounds as he makes his way to his next room of corpses. It is harder to breathe. I feel like my chest has been turned into lead. My eyes try to survey the scene to examine the extent of the damage. I am able to glance up but my vision is blurred by some kind of liquid. What is this? I wipe the obstruction out of my eyes only to meet Reema’s intricate hazel eyes, staring deeply into mine. Her head hangs off the plastic blue chair above me and a waterfall of crimson cascades from the rim. I see movement behind me, someone throws up their arm, searching for the support of the table. As much as it pains me, I try to twist my body to see who survived, but his face is cloaked in red. Stratinal is dislodged in blue puffs of skin, the person holds their arm gingerly against their shaken body.

I croak, “Are you okay?”

The person replies, barely audible, “I have s-some s-sh-shots.”

The bloody face disappears behind the table and I hear a series of thumps.

I assume his body has gone into shock and contorts in twisted agony. Then I hear it. A emergency operator’s voice cracks through a phone. It is coming from behind me.

“Hello? Are you okay?” the operator questions.

We are not okay. More than half my class is dead and four minutes ago, they were alive. Bullets now reside in our skin. I shake in shock and fear as I slowly reach behind me. The phone trembles between my bloody fingers, “There is a shooter in Norris. I’ve been shot and many of my classmates are dead. Help us... Please.”

Attribution of Research

1. AC360 - VA Tech Massacre - Roommate Interview (part 1). Youtube.com. Youtube.com, n.d. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <<https://www.youtube.com/> watch?v=Nqd4QFjMfp8>.
   * Roommates describe him as “quiet, clean, not wanting to talk much”
   * Told one roommate after drinking some alcohol that he had a girlfriend named “Jelly” and she called him “Spanky”.
   * Cho talked to one girl through a sight called AIM, not Facebook
   * His roommates called the police after he said “He might as well kill himself”
   * Described as very isolated and never with anyone
   * Took pictures of other people including his roommates
   * Instant message was Cho’s prefered method of communication
2. CNN MASSACRE AT VIRGINIA TECH Documentary. Youtube. Youtube, n.d. Web. 13 Feb.2015. <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UpZ0F1rGBjc>>.
   * Cho is said to have been taking pictures of girls in class
   * He used the pseudonym “Question Mark” to sign into class
   * One gun was a Glock 19 9mm Handgun
   * Cho, in one of the clips in the videos he sent to NBC after the first shooting, says, “You just loved crucifying me”.
   * JND Pawnbrokers, used to receive the Walther P22 ,is across the street from the campus
   * Roanoke Firearms is where the Glock 19 was purchased. Information regarding both guns is contradicting in other articles.
3. “Emails Notify Students of Gunman.” *National Public Radio*. NPR, 16 Apr. 2007. Web.28 Feb. 2015. <<http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=9606139>>.
   * Email used is the first alert of the shooting sent out to students
   * The first email was sent out at 9:26 AM on April 16th, 2007
4. Events. "Students Killed in Virginia Tech Massacre, April 16, 2007." *Historic U.S.* Detroit: Gale, 2014. *Discover Collection*. Web. 26 Mar. 2015.
   * Massacre occurred on April 16th, 2007
   * Seung Hui Cho is the name of the murderer
   * Chained doors of Norris Hall before massacre
   * Police received call about first shooting at 7:15 AM
   * Conflicting reports of where and how he bought his first gun. One was purchased online and one through a shop in town.
   * Emily Hilscher was the first victim of Cho. She was a freshman.
   * Ryan Clark was the second victim
   * No phone calls were detailed in research
5. Harnden, Toby, and Alex Spillius. "Campus killer stalked my stepdaughter." The Telegraph 21 Apr. 2007: n. pag. The Telegraph. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/1549280/> Campus-killer-stalked-my-stepdaughter.html>.
   * Stacey is the name of the stepmother of one of the girls who was stalked
   * "He would say he was retarded and then other times he would say he was the coolest person in the world. It was very confusing,"
   * Cho discussed of wanting to beat up a woman who rejected him
   * He called himself “Question Mark”
   * The two girls told their Resident Advisor (RA) and he called the police.
6. Hauser, Christine. "Virginia Gunman Identified as a Student." The New York Times[New York City, NY] 17 Apr. 2007: n. pag. The York Times. Web. 5 Feb. 2015.<<http://www.nytimes.com/2007/04/17/us/17virginia.html?pagewanted=all>>.
   * Referred to as “Cho Seung-Hui”. Name may be reversed in some articles.
   * He was wearing an outfit that resembled a boy scout
   * West Ambler is a freshman dormitory
   * Police recovered a 9mm and 22 caliber handguns from the scene
   * Many survivors describe him as “thorough”
   * Doctor that took care of victims said Cho was brutal. No victim has less than three or four bullets in them.
   * Number of deaths are conflicting, ranging from 30-33 deaths.
   * Said to be looking for his ex-girlfriend
7. "interactive VT." Map. Interactive VT. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 3 Feb. 2015. <<http://www.maps.vt.edu/interactive/>>.
   * West Ambler Johnston Hall is the hall where the first shooting took place
   * It is on the SE side of campus
   * Henderson is located on the Northern side of campus, behind the Squires Student Center
   * Henderson takes 12 minutes to walk to from West Ambler
   * Cochrane is a dining center on campus
   * Norris Hall looks out onto the Drillfield
   * You cannot see the Drillfield from Cochrane
   * The University Bookstore is located near Henderson Hall and does look out onto the Drillfield
   * Name is contradicting. First name may be Sueng- Hui or Cho
8. Peyser, Andrea Peyser. "STALKER WHO TURNED KILLER." New York Post [New York City,NY] 18 Apr. 2007: n. pag. New York Post. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <<http://nypost.com/2007/04/18/stalker-who-turned-killer/>>.
   * closed the door [of their room] and turned to me and said, ‘Hey, you want to know why I went up to that girl’s dorm room the other night?’ ” John said.
     1. “He said he wanted to go up there and look her in the eye to see how cool she was . . . And when he looked in her eyes, he saw promiscuity.”
9. Rogers, Matt. When Answers Aren't Enough: Experiencing God as Good When Life Isn't. N.p.: Zondervan, 2008. CBN.com. Web. 12 Feb. 2015.<<http://www.cbn.com/entertainment/books/VTSurvivor.aspx>>.
   * Survivor, Derek, says the day was unusually cold
   * Shootings started at 9:41 AM
   * First shots were in the hydrology class
   * Construction was happening outside of Norris all semester
   * Cho described as “calm, methodical, and composed”
   * Cho walked up and down aisles firing at point blank range in the head
10. "Seung-Hui Cho." Bio. A&E Television Networks, 2015. Web. 07 Feb. 2015.
    * Cho commonly wore sunglasses and a hat in class
    * Cho was an English Major
    * Professor Giovanni was an English Professor
    * Stalked two girls in 2005
    * His roommate called the police for one of the girls after he said he was suicidal
11. Temple-Raston, Dina. "Investigators Sift Clues for Cho's Motives." NPR 18 Apr. 2007: n. pag. NPR. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <<http://www.npr.org/templates/> story/story.php?storyId=9658304>.
    * Cho, in stalking one girl, showed up when she least expected it and called her constantly
    * He bought a gun, one of the two used in the assault, at Roanoke Firearms.
12. "Top 10 Everything 2006." Time Magazine. Time Magazine, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015.
    * Skinny jeans were becoming a trend in 2007
    * A popular song at the time was “Welcome to the Black Parade” by My Chemical Romance
13. Virginia Tech University. N.p., n.d. Web. 3 Feb. 2015.<<http://www.housing.vt.edu/halls/hall_list/aj-w.html>>.
    * Normal dorm rooms include a bunk bed, desk, chair, two closets and a sink.
14. Virginia Tech University: College of Liberal Arts and Human Sciences. "College of Liberal Arts and Human Sciences, Department of Music." N.d. PDF file.
    * Students of a performance major must take a junior performance class
    * Advanced Ear training is a required course
    * Early Music Literature is one of six music literature courses available
    * There are four levels of recital classes
    * Ensemble is a required class also
    * All music majors must take at least six credits of a language
15. *Va. Tech Shooting Survivor Recounts 2007 Massacre and Urges Obama, Romney to Address Gun Violence*. *Democracynow.org*. Democracynow.org, n.d. Web. 10 Feb.2015. <<http://www.democracynow.org/2012/10/2/va_tech_shooting_survivor_recounts_2007>>.
    * Survivor said, “ You can see, with the same kind of cinder block walls, white walls and white tile floor.”
    * Says the French class he was in was Room 211
    * Class was studying *passé composé*, *imparfait* before the shooting
    * The real name of the girl who came in late was Rachel
    * Rachel says to Professor Couture, “ There was a shooting in my dormitory this morning, and they wouldn’t let anybody leave. They had the whole place on lockdown. I kept telling them I had class to get to, but they wouldn’t let me go, until finally they said, ’You’re free to go,’ and so I came right here."
    * Seven students in the French Class survived and most were located in the back right corner of the room
    * Survivor said he wore “military boots, with khaki pants, with a white shirt, and with two holsters over both shoulders”
    * Most of the description of the event is derived from this interview
16. "We Remember: Biographies." Virginia Tech University. Virginia Tech University,n.d.Web.12Feb.2015.<<http://www.weremember.vt.edu/biographies/>biographies-index.htm>.
    * “Reema” was an actual victim in the massacre. Her real name was [Reema Joseph Samaha](http://www.weremember.vt.edu/biographies/samaha.html)
    * Madame Couture was the professor in the French class of Norris 211. Her real name is [Jocelyne Couture-Nowak](http://www.weremember.vt.edu/biographies/couturenowak.html)
    * Emily Hilscher was the first victim and Ryan Clark was the second. Emily was a freshman and Ryan’s year was not listed.

Works Cited

*AC360 - VA Tech Massacre - Roommate Interview (part 1)*. *Youtube.com*. Youtube.com, n.d. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nqd4QFjMfp8>.

*Cho Seung-Hui More Videos, Photos, Victims, Family Statement*. *Youtube.com*. YouTube.com, n.d. Web. 9 Feb. 2015. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7-mc4gekt\_A>.

*CNN MASSACRE AT VIRGINIA TECH Documentary*. *Youtube*. Youtube, n.d. Web. 13 Feb. 2015. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UpZ0F1rGBjc>.

“College of Engineering.” *Virginia Tech University*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 13 Feb. 2015. <http://www.admiss.vt.edu/majors/index.php/majors/college/coe>.

Duvall, Cherie. “Campus security plans gain momentum in aftermath of Virginia Tech shootings.” *Nation’s Cities Weekly* 30 Apr. 2007: 4. *General OneFile*. Web. 3 Feb. 2015<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/i.do?id=GALE%7CA163335387&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w&asid=5e591eee5ffd294bebba686ca7973976>

“Emails Notify Students of Gunman.” *National Public Radio*. NPR, 16 Apr. 2007. Web. 28 Feb. 2015. <http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=9606139>.

“Factbook: About the University.” *Virginia Tech*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 7 Feb. 2015. <http://www.vt.edu/about/factbook/about-university.html>.

Harnden, Toby, and Alex Spillius. “Campus killer stalked my stepdaughter.” *The Telegraph* 21 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *The Telegraph*. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/1549280/Campus-killer-stalked-my-stepdaughter.html>.

Hauser, Christine. “Virginia Gunman Identified as a Student.” *The New York Times* [New York City, NY] 17 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *The York Times*. Web. 5 Feb. 2015. <http://www.nytimes.com/2007/04/17/us/17virginia.html?pagewanted=all>.

“interactive VT.” Map. *Interactive VT*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 3 Feb. 2015. <http://www.maps.vt.edu/interactive/>.

“Jamestown High School.” *U.S. News & World Report*. U.S. News & World Report, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.usnews.com/education/best-high-schools/virginia/districts/williamsburg-james-city-public-schools/jamestown-high-school-20671>.

Kleinfield, N. R. “No one really knew the silent shooter.” *The New York Times* [New York City] 22 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *Newsobserver.com*. Web. 9 Feb. 2015. <http://www.newsobserver.com/2007/04/22/82527/no-one-really-knew-the-silent.html>.

Mays Powell, Harriet. “Blink and You Missed It.” *New York Entertainment*. N.p., 6 Dec. 2009. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <http://nymag.com/arts/all/aughts/62499/>.

“Murder.” *American Law Yearbook*. 2007 ed. Detroit: Gale, 2008. 132-134. *Opposing Viewpoints In Context*. Web. 3 Feb. 2015

<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/i.doid=GALE%7CCX2689900070&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w&asid=230f1c85a51ffdb48b891ebe8842210a>

North Gwinnett High School, ed. *North Gwinnett High School*. North Gwinnett High School, n.d. Web. 18 Feb. 2015. <http://www.northgwinnett.com/>.

Peyser, Andrea Peyser. “STALKER WHO TURNED KILLER.” *New York Post* [New York City,NY] 18 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *New York Post*. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <http://nypost.com/2007/04/18/stalker-who-turned-killer/>.

Rogers, Matt. *When Answers Aren’t Enough: Experiencing God as Good When Life Isn’t*. N.p.: Zondervan, 2008. *CBN.com*. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.cbn.com/entertainment/books/VTSurvivor.aspx>.

- - -. *When Answers Aren’t Enough: Experiencing God as Good When Life Isn’t*. N.p.: Zondervan, 2009. *The Christian Broadcasting Network*. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <http://www.cbn.com/entertainment/books/VTSurvivor.aspx>.

“Seung-Hui Cho.” *Bio*. A&E Television Networks, 2015. Web. 07 Feb. 2015.

Shapira, Ian, and Tom Jackman. “Gunman Kills 32 at Virginia Tech In Deadliest Shooting in U.S. History.” *Washington Post* [Washington D.C.] 17 Apr. 2007: 1-3. *Washington Post*. Web. 6 Feb. 2015. <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/04/16/AR2007041600533\_3.html>.

“Students Killed in Virginia Tech Massacre, April 16, 2007.” *Historic U.S. Events*. Detroit: Gale, 2014. *Student Resources in Context*. Web. 3 Feb. 2015.<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/i.doid=GALE%7CBT2359039938&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w&asid=177f370b09776de9e3f00bd867f40d52>

“Suwanee, GA to Blacksburg, VA.” Map. *Google Maps*. Google, n.d. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <https://www.google.com/maps/dir/Suwanee,+GA/Blacksburg,+VA/@35.635596,-83.0014028,769962m/data=!3m1!1e3!4m13!4m12!1m5!1m1!1s0x88f593792927179f:0xd0dde933691191ed!2m2!1d-84.0712997!2d34.0514898!1m5!1m1!1s0x884d950adc06dcc3:0x86ceb8ea4842da2d!2m2!1d-80.4139393!2d37.2295733>.

Temple-Raston, Dina. “Investigators Sift Clues for Cho’s Motives.” *NPR* 18 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *NPR*. Web. 17 Feb. 2015. <http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=9658304>.

“33 dead in Virginia Tech shooting.” *The Seattle Times* [Seattle, WA] 16 Apr. 2007: n. pag. *The Seattle Times*. Web. 7 Feb. 2015. <http://seattletimes.com/html/nationworld/2003668316\_webvatech16.html>.

“Top 10 Everything 2006.” *Time Magazine*. Time Magazine, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://content.time.com/time/specials/packages/completelist/0,29569,2011254,00.html>.

*Va. Tech Shooting Survivor Recounts 2007 Massacre and Urges Obama, Romney to Address Gun Violence*. *Democracynow.org*. Democracynow.org, n.d. Web. 10 Feb. 2015. <http://www.democracynow.org/2012/10/2/va\_tech\_shooting\_survivor\_recounts\_2007>.

“Virginia Tech shooting survivor shares story with local first responders.” *Herald Democrat* [Sherman, TX] 14 Nov. 2014. *Infotrac Newsstand*. Web. 3 Feb. 2015.<http://go.galegroup.com/ps/i.do?id=GALE%7CA390079940&v=2.1&u=lake72770&it=r&p=GPS&sw=w&asid=fa9787380ab0753d0ee11b383afec7bf>

*Virginia Tech Survivor Shares Her Story - Kristina Anderson*. *Youtube*. Youtube, 6 July 2012. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sGBq92s51SY>.

*Virginia Tech University*. N.p., n.d. Web. 3 Feb. 2015. <http://www.housing.vt.edu/halls/hall\_list/aj-w.html>.

Virginia Tech University. *Main Campus Map*. Map. PDF file.

Virginia Tech University: College of Liberal Arts and Human Sciences. “College of Liberal Arts and Human Scienes, Department of Music.” N.d. PDF file.

*Weather Underground*. N.p., n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/KBCB/2006/4/16/DailyHistory.html?req\_city=&req\_state=&req\_statename=>.

“We Remember.” *Virginia Tech University*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.weremember.vt.edu/>.

“We Remember: Biographies.” *Virginia Tech University*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.weremember.vt.edu/biographies/biographies-index.html>.

“We Remember: Biographies.” *Virginia Tech University*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 16 Feb. 2015. <http://www.weremember.vt.edu/biographies/biographies-index.html>.

“We Remember: Memorial.” *Virginia Tech University*. Virginia Tech University, n.d. Web. 12 Feb. 2015. <http://www.weremember.vt.edu/memorial.html>.